building materials. The wings on both sides of the courtyard were used as barracks for the police force; the rear building served as a detention house—an old, shabby, three-story structure with small barred windows and a narrow grilled door. From the small and dirty entrance hall, a staircase ran to the upper floors. A guard was posted on the platform of each floor, between the grilled doors to the two wings. There were grilles also at the foot and head of each flight of stairs.

Our party was taken to the third floor. The ward left of the platform was occupied by petty offenders—apparently pickpockets, vagabonds, and drunks. The opposite wing was empty. One of its four rooms was under repair; in the others, the walls, floors, and ceilings were covered with fresh patches of mortar and paint. The turnkey showed us to these rooms.

When I awoke after a brief nap, two of my companions were sitting beside my plank bed. "Comrade Petrov," one of them said, "we have discussed the situation. You must get out of this hole." Artem, a member of the Council of the Unemployed and president of the stonecutters' and bricklayers' union, had a plan of escape for me. "Our men work here," he said. "I can get in touch with them."

In the afternoon he called me to the room where three men in soiled aprons were working in the midst of loose bricks, mortar, and boards. One of them was a heavy, broad-shouldered muzhik with penetrating blue eyes; another, a puny man of fifty with a worried look on his thin, unshaven face; the third, an apprentice with a face covered with splashes of clay from eyes to chin.

Artem introduced me to the trio. "This is the man we must get out of here."

Fedor, the heavy man with blue eyes, looked me up and down and said flatly, "It can be done. In a barrel."

"Tonight?" I asked him.

After a little hesitation he answered, "We are six men living together, all from the same village. I must tell them. If they agree, we will go tomorrow."

The next day Fedor did not come to work. When Artem asked the puny man about Fedor, he answered grimly, "He will not come. He is a righteous, God-abiding man. Some others are rabble." He explained that Fedor had told his companions that he intended to free a prisoner. One of the gang objected and threatened to denounce Fedor to the police. A quarrel developed. Fedor spat on the other man, took his gear, and left the quarters.

I proposed a new plan to the puny man. I would disguise myself as a bricklayer. At noon we would take a handbarrow and carry the barrel with mortar and timber waste to the courtyard—he in

